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The Martyrs of Kucheng.

The anxiety which the whole Christian world has been feeling for its missionaries in China brings to mind the tragedy of 1895, in which a party of missionaries, chiefly ladies, were killed by some members of a large Chinese society known as the Vegetarians. It is well to recall the memory of this martyr band, who were all so devoted and so near to heaven, that even to their friends it seemed not strange that they should be called up higher, and receive the martyr's crown. The Vegetarians had assembled at a place about fifteen miles away. It is said that they had determined to assert their independence by a deed of violence. Three plans occurred to them—to attack the city, or the house of a rich man in a neighboring village, or the foreigners at Hwasang. The story adds that three times the lot fell on the last of these plans. On the last day of July Mr. Phillips notes that they had a Bible-reading on the Transfiguration, 'little thinking that the immediate glory was so near for some.' August 1 was to be a day of festivity. It was little Herbert Stewart's sixth birthday. There was to be a picnic. The children were out early to gather flowers to adorn the breakfast table on the festal day. They heard the sound of horns and drums, and ran merrily down to see what they supposed to be a procession. Mildred told her sister Kathleen to run for safety, as she saw the spears and recognized of whom the procession consisted. But the child was seized and dragged by her hair to the house.

Perhaps the best idea of what took place may be gained from the account by Mr. Phillips who was an eye witness:—

'About 6.30 a.m. on August 1, hearing shouts from the direction of the Stewarts' house, I went out, and at first thought it was simply a number of children playing, but I was soon convinced that the voices were those of excited men, and started off for the house. I was soon met by a native who almost pulled me back, shouting that the Vegetarians had come. I said that I must go on, and soon got in sight of the house, and could see a number of men, say forty or fifty, carrying off loads of plunder. One man seemed to be the leader, carrying a small red flag. I could see nothing of any Europeans, and as this was in full view of the rioters, I crept up the hill in the brushwood and got behind two trees from twenty to thirty yards from the house. Here I could see everything and appeared not to be seen at all. As I could still see no foreigners, I concluded they had escaped, and, as to go down was certain death, I thought it better to remain where I was. After a minute or two the retreat home was sounded, and the Vegetarians began to leave, but before they did so they set fire to the house. Ten minutes after this every Vegetarian had gone. I came down and looked about the front of the house, but could see nothing of anyone, though I feared something dreadful had happened, as I heard the Vegetarians as they left say repeatedly, "now all the foreigners are killed." I just then met one of the servants who told me that the children were in the house in which Miss Hartford, of the American Mission, was staying. I found Mr. Stewart's eldest daughter, Mildred, here, with a serious wound on one knee and another severe cut. When I had washed them and put what old calico we had to staunch the bleeding, I turned to Herbert, Mr. Stewart's son, who was fearfully hacked almost everywhere. Then Miss Codrington sent me a message that she too was in the house. I found her in a fearful condition. She begged me not to wait as she thought Miss Topsy Saunders was still alive. I then rushed up to the back of the house, and found the bodies of Miss Topsy Saunders, Miss Stewart, Miss Gordon and Miss Marshall. Then later I found Miss Newcombe's body at the foot of a hill in front of the house where it had evidently been thrown. As then I could see no traces of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, Miss N. Saunders, and Lena, the nurse, we hoped some had escaped.'

But, alas! there was no foundation for this hope. Later Mr. Phillips found the bodies, or rather ashes, of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart in what had been their bedroom, and the body of Miss N. Saunders at the nursery door, whither she had gone to help the children. The faithful nurse, Lena Yellop, had died protecting the baby.

Nine had gone home together. There was another to follow three hours later. Little Herbert Stewart spent the rest of his birthday in the bliss of heaven. And later still the baby died, enlarging the roll to eleven names. What a glorious gathering around the throne! 'What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?' These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the lamb.' Heaven is richer by that fell stroke which made earth so much poorer.

HELP US

'There stood a man . . . and prayed, saying, "Come over . . . and help us." And . . . we endeavored to go . . .' —Acts xvi., 9, 10.

'South African Pioneer.'

A Sioux Heroine.

A woman who has worked much among Indians, tells this story, which is quoted by an exchange:

The great-grandmother of one of the boys was once on the hunt when the Sioux came

on the Omahas. The women and children were placed in the rear for safety, and they began at once to dig pits and jump into them to escape the arrows. This woman had her three grandchildren with her, and they pretty well filled the pit.

The Sioux pressed forward and came toward the place where the children were. The grandmother had no time to conceal the hole, so she threw herself over it as if dead. The Sioux passed her but she dared not stir, for the shouts of the fighting were all about her.

Soon the Sioux returned and two warriors discovered her.

'She's dead,' one said.

'We'll soon see,' said the other, drawing his knife and stabbing her in the shoulder. The woman never winced. 'She's dead,' they said, and off they went, leaving her in pain and joy, for her grandchildren were safe. When the three little boys were taken out of the pit they were nearly frightened to death, but they all grew to be men, and tell many times the story of the loving grandmother.

A Great Naval Officer.

(By the Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D.D., in 'Forward.')

History is God's picture gallery, and the lives of good men and women are the portraits hung in this gallery, upon which he means that we shall gaze, until we are changed into a likeness to their better qualities.

We shall give a brief sketch of one of these modern heroes, John Graham Goodenough, a Commodore in the British navy. He was born in 1830, and died in 1875. He was, therefore, only forty-five years of age, yet within those forty-five years an amount of real service was compressed and a beauty of character developed which have seldom been surpassed or equalled.

From a child he was destined for the navy, and, when but eight years old, schooled himself to hardship by eating only dry bread at his school breakfast. Once he was guilty of withstanding an unjust rule, but he soon learned that obedience must be unquestioning, even where commands are unjust.

As a boy at Westminster school, he gave promise of his future. He took the lead in everything and was foremost in whatever he undertook. He read about voyages in the South Seas, and the achievements of daring navigators, which prepared him for his own heroic life. Even as a boy he was regarded as a leader, if not a guide, of other boys.

These things are mentioned simply as indications in the lad of his whole future career, for 'the child is father of the man.'

His death, in 1875, was due to his being shot and wounded with arrows in Carlisle Bay, in the Santa Cruz group of islands. He died of lockjaw, and at his death was the best-known and best-liked man in the British navy, in those distant seas.

So much for the outline of this short life. We are more concerned, however, with his character, the leading traits of which we desire to present for the contemplation and imitation of our readers.

First of all, we note his manly independence, which he cultivated in himself and honored in others. He was always outspoken, and honored frank dealing on the part of his associates. He could not tolerate any appearance of lying. Linked with this independence and truthfulness was a singular self-control. On one occasion, when attacked by a panic-stricken band of Chinese rebels, he remarked that, being fully armed, he could have destroyed scores of them if he had lost his own temper, but, with a revolver in his pocket, he only flourished an umbrella, and took advantage of an ebb tide to drift away from the place of conflict, neither receiving nor inflicting harm.

When assaulted by the savages, whose arrows caused his death, he could easily have retaliated. He simply pulled out the arrows, threw them away, hurried from the place of danger, and allowed his armed men to fire only to put a stop to the assault, but no one of the assailants was hurt.

His self-control reached, of course, to his appetite. He was—what was very rare in the British navy—a total abstainer, and testified that in all climates, amid all exposures, he had found that total abstinence not only proved no injury, but actually promoted health and vigor.

We have already spoken of his generosity to his foes, which found many an illustration in his illustrious life. When engaged in war with the Chinese, they were greatly affrighted, and sent word asking whether he had come to trade or to fight, and asking time to remove their goods from the city if it was to be bombarded. His only reply was, 'Bring bullocks, sheep, fowls and fruit,' and, when, in fear, these provisions were furnished, to their utter amazement he returned full payment, declining to receive anything as a present. At one time, when he found a tall Tartar soldier on the battlefield, wounded in the thigh, he poured the contents of his own water bottle into the man's mouth, relieving his thirst.

This man was full of alms-work and good deeds; of his philanthropy all the world knows. He took the deepest interest in the races of the South Pacific, and at great personal risk sought to promote good understanding with them, that he might win them to a better life. His deep interest in Christian missions stands out as one of the prominent facts of his life.

We shall not be surprised to know that this man was deeply, though unobtrusively, a Christian. He introduced the celebration of the Lord's Supper on shipboard, a thing hitherto unknown. They called him 'Holy Joe,' and he was frequently seen with shut eyes, obviously engaged in silent prayer for divine guidance. Throughout his life duty was his watchword, and to that he subordinated everything else.

The only other attribute of which we have time or space to write was his unselfishness. This found an early and beautiful illustration when he was but a lad. His first thought seems to have been for others. For example, once, he, with another lad, took a long excursion among the wild ravines of Juan Fernandez, scrambling through masses of foliage which concealed whatever was ahead; and he fell with a crash down a precipice on the rocks below, severely spraining his ankle. Although terribly crushed and bruised, so forgetful was he of his own agony that all his thought was to prevent his companion from following him; with an awful cry he warned him against danger, and so saved his life. It was twenty-four hours before Goodenough himself was found and taken out of his perilous situation.

This attribute of unselfishness was most conspicuous throughout his life. His chief concern was always for others' good, and his chief gratification was in promoting it. He was loved and trusted implicitly.

We cannot dismiss this sketch without reference to his dying hours. When he was shot he was approaching one of the islands of the group (like the beloved Bishop Patteson), coming among the natives totally unarmed, with nothing in his hand but a butterfly net. When he found himself wounded, the arrows were withdrawn and the wounds sucked in hopes of withdrawing any poison, if there had been any on the arrows' heads, but, although no danger seemed at that time to threaten, from the first moment he steadily kept before him the possibility of death. Even the frightful agony and the convulsions produced by the disease could not prevent him from showing the same thoughtfulness for others that he had always manifested.

During an interval of his torture, he took leave of all of his officers, assuring them of his love, saying a fit word to each. Then, fearing that in some frenzy of pain he might lose his self-control, he said that if bad words should be heard from him, those about him were to leave him alone and know that it was not his own spirit that was speaking; and he begged them that, if any dark picture of his past life should rise before him, they would only repeat to him those words: 'The Father of Lights—with whom there is no variableness nor shadow of turning,' and he said to the chaplain, 'If my pain is so severe that I cannot smile, let me see you smile as you repeat those words.'

Taking leave of the ship's crew, he said, 'If I can only turn one soul to the love of God, though but the youngest lad in the ship, let me do it; perhaps they will believe the testimony that comes from dying lips.'

He bade all his comrades good-bye, and told them he had had a very happy life, and that God was taking him away before he had had any sorrow; that he rejoiced in the love of God and in the will of God, and besought them to trust that will in all things, as the guide in their goings and doings; and he added, 'When you are tempted, think of the love of God; it will prove a great restraint against sin.'

He assured them that he had always loved his ship's companies, even those whom he had been obliged to punish, and that even in the greatest offender he had always seen some good, and he begged that no resentment might be cherished toward those savages to whose violence he owed his death. He could say with regard to them, as Christ said with regard to those who crucified him: 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'

Then returning to his bed he said, 'I suppose now there is nothing left but to lie down and quietly to die,' and so, yet a young man, he breathed out his life, leaving behind him a fragrance that will never be forgotten.

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN HEBREWS.

Aug. 5, Sun.—In that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted.

Aug. 6, Mon.—Harden not your hearts.

Aug. 7, Tues.—Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief.

Aug. 8, Wed.—Lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin.

Aug. 9, Thurs.—They could not enter in because of unbelief.

Aug. 10, Fri.—Let us therefore fear.

Aug. 11, Sat.—Unto us was the Gospel preached.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Uganda.

(Rev. Richard H. Leakey, of the Church Missionary Society, in the 'Illustrated Missionary News.')

Koki, where the last two years of my work in Uganda was spent, is a small kingdom, separate from, but tributary to, Uganda. It is south-west of Uganda proper, and about thirty miles west of the lake. I went there early in 1899, and was the first English missionary to reside, though Mr. Fisher had paid a short visit to the place before.

Work had been begun by Waganda Christians who took refuge there in 1885 from the persecutions in Uganda. In 1894 native teachers had gone to Koki, at the request of Kamswaga, the king. On my arrival there I found several at work in different parts of it, and at the capital a small church and about ten men who wanted to be baptised, and about a hundred and twenty readers. The king used to come to church on Sunday morning, and spend the rest of the day drinking, and not be sober for a day or two afterwards. Yet he called himself a Christian! But he was at that time quite ignorant of even the elements of Christianity, as I found

THE LITTLE KING OF UGANDA.

out when I began to read the gospels with him, as I did soon after reaching Koki. Though he himself was learning to read, he would not allow his children to learn. He was afraid of their becoming as clever as he was. His wives, too, were not allowed to be taught. He had about four hundred wives; they are kept inside a fence about twelve or fourteen feet high, and no one sees them except the king, a few old men who act as gatekeepers, some small boys, and female slaves who wait on them.

After about four months and many talks on the subject, I persuaded Kamswaga to allow his boys to be taught, pointing out that it would never do for his heir to be so ignorant. He has one son and two nephews. The two nephews soon learned to read, and after some further talks on the subject, were actually allowed to come to the church services. In the meantime, Kamswaga was showing signs that God's word was going home to his heart; he was less often the worse for drink, more willing to help our work by allowing us to build churches in other parts of Koki as well as at the capital. But I was most anxious to get at his wives; the question arose, 'how could they be reached?' Men would not be allowed to teach them; there were no women capable of doing it. At last, after nearly a year, he agreed to allow two boys to teach them to read, and asked me to suggest some names. I selected one of my own personal servants, a boy of about twelve, and one of Kamswaga's own pages of about the same age. In a few weeks several of them had learned to read, and I then urged that they be allowed to come to church so as to get better teach-

DOORWAY IN UGANDA.

ing than the boys could give them. But this was altogether too much for Kamswaga's idea of propriety. However, at the end of about eighteen months, he said he would build them a church for themselves inside their enclosure. The style of this church was to be rather off the usual lines for church buildings. About thirty feet wide by forty feet long, it was to have a door at each end, one for the use of the women, the other for the male part of the congregation. But there was to be a high partition across the building so that the women would not be seen by the preacher or any of the men in the church. I am sorry to say that the church was only just finished when Kamswaga's place was burnt to the ground and the church with it.

Women are in a little better position in heathen lands than flocks and herds. As an example of this let me tell you a story. I was one day talking to Kamswaga's groom who looks after a fine white Arab donkey he has, and I asked him what the donkey was worth. He said: 'Oh! ten women.'

Another time I was visiting an old heathen chief, who, after asking what dye I used for my beard (I had a red beard then), and if I took my boots off when I went to bed (he thought they were built on me), asked

A CHRISTIAN WAGANDA AND HIS WIFE.

if I had a wife. On my informing him that I had not yet got one, he said: 'What will you give me and I will choose you a good one out of my lot?'

These two stories give you some idea of the heathen view of women in Uganda. But, you will ask, what progress was made during the two years you were there? Well, when I got there I found one small church at the capital; when I left there were ten scattered about the country. I left fifty baptised in the place of none. Several of the native converts were engaged in teaching their fellow countrymen. Soon after I left the place was overrun by the rebels, and the people scattered, and the organized work destroyed. But when, after some months, Mr. Clayton, who followed me, was again able to visit Koki, he found that the number of readers had increased, as the Christians had, when scattered, taught those whom they had met. Kamswaga, too, seems much more in earnest now; we hope he may soon come forward and seek baptism. Pray for him.

I cannot now tell you about the most interesting and encouraging work in Buda among the Roman Catholics there, many of whom diligently study the Bible. Mr. Clayton, who is in charge of Buda as well as Koki, has a parish of about 2,000 square miles. He recently had his house burnt down over his head at night by the rebels. All my books, which I had lent him during absence, were also burnt.

The opportunities in and around Uganda are unique; open doors all round, and a people naturally gifted as teachers ready to step in as soon as leaders are to be found for them. But where are those leaders? The future of Central Africa depends, I believe, on Uganda, and the future of Uganda depends on the Christian young men of England! Who will say: 'Here am I, send me?'

At the Invitation of the Sea.

(By Phyril.)

O well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play.

At last the long, hot term had ended, and the examination papers were corrected, and 'placing,' with its excitement and suspense, was a thing of the past. The fortunate ones had received their prizes and gone home to show them to admiring friends; the less fortunate had alike departed, to receive the condolences and encouragements of the family circle. The classrooms at the Lightwood Academy for Young Ladies were silent and deserted, and we weary teachers were now at liberty to follow the example of our young charges.

The July sun shone with all its power, making the empty rooms look bare and comfortless indeed, and without were dusty streets and heated pavements.

How I longed for a sea breeze, and, closing my eyes, saw in imagination the blue waves breaking on a shore of golden sand, the cool wind from the ocean almost fanned the hair upon my brow, and I felt as if my lungs must expand to drink in delicious draughts of sea air.

My mind was made up. The very next day I would go to Clenton, take old Mrs. Brown by surprise, and persuade her to let me have the use of her cozy little front room and the pleasure of taking meals with her for a month at least.

This stimulating thought helped me through the usually tedious process of packing in a very short time. Instead of spending long intervals of sitting on the side of my bed in deep meditation, interspersed with such remarks as 'Now shall I want that jacket, or can I leave it here in my big trunk?' it was a very simple matter to decide that my very oldest and most unfash-

ionable clothes were all that a stay in Clenton would demand. Mrs. Brown would think my old muslin beautiful, and of the very latest fashion; Clenton rocks would soon damage any but the strongest boots, and sea air is proverbial for fading one's most treasured gowns.

Packing over, I wrote to my old friend Mrs. Brown, and told her to expect me in time for tea—scones and brown bread and butter, with one of her hen's new-laid eggs—at 4.30 on the following day. Then I wrote a note to my guardian and told him that I need not trouble him until the last fortnight or so of my holiday, and all was ready.

'After all,' I said, with half a sigh, 'there are some advantages in not having dear home folks counting the days to one's arrival. Who would miss the joys of independence ?'

Nobody answered me; my little Bee clock ticked away at the same rate as ever, so I concluded that my sentiment was approved, and ran down to propound my plans.

The next day I stepped out of the train on to the little platform at Clenton, pointed out my modest possessions to the porter, and set out to walk the short distance to Rose Cottage. Delicious whiffs of sea air reached me at every turn of the road, the birds sang joyously, and the sun shone with a radiance which did not trouble the pedestrian in shady lanes as in the streets so happily left behind.

My destination was soon reached, and there stood dear old 'Granny Brown,' as the children called her, with welcome written all over her ample form.

'Well, well,' she exclaimed, then kissed me. 'Who'd a' thought to have you here again, dearie ? And what put it into your head to come to Rose Cottage ? But there—you look fair done up. What have they been doing to you, my poor bairn ? But you mustn't say a word till you've had a dish o' tea. It does my old heart good to set eyes on ye once more.'

Talking thus, she took me up to the bedroom I remembered so well.

'How clean it all is, Mrs. Brown ! Do you "spring-clean" every week ? And oh, what a delicious smell of lavender!' And I buried my face in the sheets.

After tea, needless to say, I hurried away to the beach, which was only a few minutes' walk, and then, at last, I could stand and watch the waves creeping up the shore, and hear the noise that the pebbles make as they are drawn back by the recoil; I could sit on the rocks, as I had often longed to do of late, and study the small aquaria to be found in each little pool left by the tide.

That night I slept as one can do by the sea, after a long, hot day, with a mind at rest in the thought that there were many happy days and restful nights to follow. Mrs. Brown's third knock roused me from my slumbers the next morning, and I hastened to dress and get out and away to the sea. After that the songs of the birds awakened me every morning, and through the open casement came the swish of the waves; the roses peeped in, and looked reproachfully at me lying there in bed, until I could no longer resist this unanimous invitation, and would go out and ramble on the shore till breakfast-time. When books and paint-brushes palled, I found refreshing company in the shape of Mrs. Brown's three little grandchildren, 'My son Jim's little folk," as she proudly informed me. Jim was Mrs. Brown's only son, the pride and joy of her life, a fine, tall young fisherman, with a dear little wife to whom he was the best of husbands. Jack, who promised to be just such another as his father; Molly, of the flaxen curls and sparkling eyes, and little Fanny, a sturdy mite of three, were very entertaining companions when I could persuade them to leave their play and talk to me.

Their favorite game was 'horses,' Jack being, of course, the driver, Molly and Fanny his two willing steeds. Jack handled the 'ribbons' with a professional air worthy of the stage-coachman handed down to fame by Washington Irving, Molly and Fanny prancing along in front in fine style.

One day we woke to find a grey sky and leaden sea in place of the royal weather that we had had hitherto, but it kept fair, so instead of taking my books to my usual nook on the beach, I determined to have a good walk and explore the shore a mile or two north of Clenton, where I had heard there was a cave and some curious rocks.

Unheeding the grey sky, and inured to cold winds like true fisher-folk, I found my three little friends at their usual game on the shore, and stood awhile to watch them. 'Miss Hayes, Miss Hayes,' cried Molly, 'do come and be a horsey, too! Jack says we're a dreadful handful to-day, we will shy so, and he's going to get a longer whip.' I declined Miss Molly's invitation, feeling that, alas! my 'horsey' days were over, and enjoying their keen enjoyment, bright color and untiring limbs. Molly made a pretty picture with her hair blown about by the wind and her blue eyes sparkling with glee.

As I walked on rapidly, enjoying a battle with the wind, I could hear their shouts and merry laughter growing fainter in the distance, and they quickly faded out of my sight.

I soon found the cave, where I sheltered awhile from the wind, and discovered many treasures of the sea in the warm, dry sand with which the floor was strewn. Evidently the sea, which is slowly receding from that coast, had long since abandoned this little spot, and I reflected that if caught by the tide in such a pretty summer parlor, one might have a much worse place in which to spend a few hours imprisoned.

This thought reminded me that the tide was now coming in, and that if I wished to reach the Clenton beach by the path on the shore I had better not delay my return. True enough, I found I could accomplish this but had I waited ten minutes longer it might have been no easy task. Just as I was congratulating myself thus I raised my eyes and saw, on some rocks which run out into the sea, a sight which made me hold my breath and strain my eyes in fear. Surely those were the forms of my little friends, and, if not already surrounded by the tide, they soon would be.

At this moment their danger dawned upon them, for I could see them start up, and then a piteous cry broke upon my ears. I ran towards them as fast as I could, and saw, to my horror, that an ever-widening channel ran between them and the beach. I was just in time to call to Jack, and prevent the brave little fellow venturing into the stream with Fanny in his arms. Fanny was no light weight, and Jack was only eight years of age, so he would soon have been overpowered. Moreover, between their little island, on which was my favorite seat, and the dry land, there was now a stretch of water no less than twenty feet in width; it was swirling round them, and I remembered, also, that there was a deep hollow at this point of the beach, so that, with a rough sea on, I, too, would be unable to stand the rush of water, and rescue the three before it got too deep.

It only remained, then, for me to hasten for help; but it was hard, indeed, to hear their piteous cries behind me as I turned and ran up the beach.

Jim Brown's cottage was between the shore and his mother's, and hardly had I gone a dozen steps along the road when I saw him emerge from his garden-gate. Before I could speak—for I was literally out of breath, and could only beckon frantically—he called out: 'Good-day, Miss Hayes. Hast seen aught of my three chicks ? They have forgotten all about their tea, I warrant, playing on the beach. But,' as he came up and saw my anxious look, 'are you in trouble? What is it ?' Then I gasped out, 'Come quickly, get your boat, your little ones are safe, but there is no time to lose. The Black Rocks!' He grasped the situation at once, and rushed away without a word. I ran back to encourage the poor little ones in their perilous position.

Molly was sitting on the highest portion of the rock, with little Fanny on her knee, clinging to her in terror, Molly holding her close like a little mother. Jack was standing at their side, waving his jacket and watching for help. With difficulty I made my voice heard above the rush of wind and waves, and shouted that help was coming, that they would be saved in time.

In an incredibly short period we saw the boat advancing rapidly under Jim's strong strokes, in spite of the heavy sea, and the three terrified children were soon lifted from their post of danger, and put into the bottom of the boat. A quarter of an hour later and all would have been over, but I cannot dwell on that. As I carried little Fanny home, and Jim strode along with a little cold hand in each of his, I could not but rejoice in the thought that the poor mother and grandmother had been spared any suspense or knowledge of the danger which had so nearly deprived them of their three treasures.

What rejoicing there was that evening as we all met in Jim's cosy little kitchen, and before we parted for the night we crept into the room where the children slept, and saw Molly and Fanny cling to one another in a fond embrace, each with her lips parted in a smile. But on litle Jack's eyelashes there were traces of tears (though none had he shed before), and truly our own were wet also to see it.

My holidays came all too soon to an end, but I left with a promise to 'come again another year,' and each summer now sees me at Clenton, for I shall never tire of its peace and beauty. No longer, alas! does dear 'Granny' await me with her smile of welcome, but I still find a very warm reception at Rose Cottage, for there Jim now lives with his wife and 'bairnies three' (big bairnies now), having enlarged the cottage to suit his requirements. The same little bedroom is mine as of yore, and goes by my name, being kept for me as was that of the prophet of old, and the dear little casement is more than ever encircled and overrun by the

Rose, rose, and clematis,

which

Trail and twine and clasp and kiss.

—London 'S.S. Times.'

I know a man who after smoking for many years began to turn blue in the face and later a cancer settled in his throat. Everything was done to prolong his life a little and after many attempts a silver tube was inserted in his stomach and he was fed with liquid food through this tube, and after having been kept alive in this manner for two years the cancer spread and went toward his windpipe and about two weeks later he died of suffocation.—'Union Signal.'

Theo's Reception.

(Alice May Douglas, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'Promise me again, Theo.'

'Yes, mother, I will, and this time with a kiss.' So saying Theo Laurie pressed his lips to his mother's cheek and pretended not to notice the tears in her eyes.

'I know I can trust you, Theo, but a boarding-school is full of temptations, and there are so many ways in which a boy learns to drink.'

'But I won't break a promise,' said Theo, stoutly. 'I believe that everything is packed now.'

'Yes, dear, and here is father with the team.' Then the last good-byes were said, and Theo jumped into the waggon.

The little country station was a long way from the Laurie farm, and as Theo and his father drove along the forest road neither spoke. Theo was looking forward with pleasure to the new life opening to him, and his father was sad at the thought of being separated from his only child.

Just before the station was reached Mr. Laurie said, in a husky voice: 'There is one thing I want to ask of you, my boy, and that is that you will never take a single drop of what is intoxciating—no matter if it is the lightest beer that ever was made—the lightest will give one a heavy enough heart in time. It is the first glass that does the mischief. lad, the first glass always. So I want you to promise me never to take the first glass.'

'I will promise, father.'

'Thank you, Theo; you always were a truthful boy, and I hope that you always will be. You will never know what a burden your promise has taken off my mind.'

It did not take Theo long to make himself at home among his new surroundings. He liked his teachers and studies, and wrote home that he was sure that he had the best room-mate in the whole world. His name was Stevie Loud.

'This is my second year in the school,' said Stevie one day, 'so I am going to give you a reception in our room to-morrow night. I will ask my six chums and they must bring their chums, too.'

'All right,' said Theo, 'the teachers won't mind, will they?'

'Oh, no, not if we behave; and, of course, we will. I am going to make everything a surprise to you, so you mustn't be around tomorrow afternoon. Each of the fellows is to bring part of the treat, and my part will be the greatest surprise of all.'

The next evening found the six guests gathered in the 'corner room,' which was occupied by Stevie and Theo. Stevie introduced each in rather an original manner. 'We were a baker's half dozen last year—just seven of us,' he said, 'but we are all ready to make you one of us, Theo. Now, boys, all tell him your names and save me some trouble.'

The boys laughed and proceeded to do so, giving their school names.

The boys seated themselves just where they were. Some upon the bed, others upon the floor, while chairs were out of the question.

The reception opened with an impromptu talk about baseball, tennis and other kindred subjects. Then every new article in the room—most of which were Theo's—was examined and commented upon. A few quiet games were next played, after which Will Poyser brought out his camera and took a flashlight picture of the group.

'Now we are ready for our treat,' said Stevie, 'and I tell you what it is a fine one. Come, waiters, attend to your duties, please.'

At these words Bert, Carl and Dan began to remove the newspapers from the study table. It was set with a few dishes which Stevie and Theo had brought from home, and was well laden with dainties. Theo scarcely noticed this, however. The one thing that attracted his attention was the tall beer bottle that stood in the centre.

The others noticed it, too, and began to exclaim, 'Where did you get that, Stevie? How could you have smuggled it in here?'

'Oh, I can do anything for such a jolly room-mate as I have. But what is the matter, Theo? You are pale as you can be.'

Before Theo had time to answer, Edwin Sparks, the ringleader of the group, poured a glass of beer, and said, 'I will be the first to drink to the health of our new chum.'

'Don't be too smart,' cried Stevie, angrily; 'don't you know it is polite to give Theo the first glass himself? Here, Theo, just see if you don't think this is fine.'

Theo did not take the glass his friend held out, so Stevie placed it near him on the table.

All were now waiting with filled glasses for Theo to lift his to his lips. Theo grew paler than ever.

'Why don't you drink it?' cried Edwin's brother Arnold. 'We don't like to wait so long!'

'I don't care for it,' stammered Theo.

'Ho, that is what all the fellows say first,' laughed Will, 'but we'll soon get you broken in. One, two, three, now drink.'

'But I can't taste it,' said Theo, 'I really can't.'

'I should think you might,' cried Dan; 'this party was gotten up just for you, so what is the use to spoil it all.'

'I am sorry that Stevie thought I would like to have beer,' said Theo; 'I wish he had asked me first.'

'Oh, well, one glass won't knock you over,' laughed Carl. 'So take it, just to keep us company.'

Theo began to falter. He knew that his friends would make sport of him if he continued his refusal. He began to ask himself if one glass really would do any harm, and if his father and mother were not too strict in making him promise never to touch any drink that contained alcohol. It was a hard struggle that was going on in his mind, but he conquered. He had promised his two best earthly friends to leave beer alone, and he must keep his word, so he said, 'No, boys, I have promised both my mother and my father the last thing before I came from home that I would never take my first glass, and I will stick to my promise.'

He spoke in such a manly fashion that the others now felt ashamed. 'Theo shall do just as he wants to,' said Stevie, 'and since he doesn't care to drink his beer, I won't drink mine.'

'Neither will I,' cried Arnold, Bert and Will; but the rest would not deny themselves, but among them consumed the entire contents of the bottle.

After the guests had gone to their rooms, Theo said, 'Stevie, it was kind of you to give up your beer for me, but perhaps by so doing you did yourself a greater favor than you did me. I am so glad I didn't break my promise to father and mother; but I fear I shall be tempted to do so if you keep on bringing beer to our room, so I wish you'd never do so again.'

'I never will,' said Stevie. 'I never will. Pa would make me come home next week if he knew what I had been doing.'

'I believe you will keep your promise,' said Theo; 'but if I thought you wouldn't, I would get another room-mate at once.'

'I will never give you a chance to do so,' laughed Stevie.

True to his word, Stevie gave up his beer, and, although some of the other boys continued to slyly bring this dangerous beverage to their parties, they never asked Theo to these gatherings.

Several years have passed since Theo's reception. He and Stevie are now active members of a western church and prosperous business men. Two of the boys who continued the practice of beer drinking died as the result of dissipation, while a third is unable to earn his own living, so strong is his attachment for the intoxicating cup.

How Jean Found Time.

(Mary B. Tyrrell, in 'Forward.')

'I haven't time.' That was the current phrase of the Arnold family, and when Cousin Ned Seward, their new minister, as well as their new relative, came to board with them he smiled a little at first over the often-repeated excuse. Then he grew vexed, as, daily, his requests or suggestions for help in his church work were met by, 'I haven't time.' His aunt said it fretfully, Jean with a pretty air of regret, Rob carelessly, and Kitty in parrot fashion, without any idea as to what she was saying.

One bright Saturday morning they all sat round the breakfast table talking over the day's plans.

'Rob,' said his mother, 'I want you to go up town for me to-day.'

'I can't, ma,' he mumbled; 'I haven't time. Kit can go.'

'No, I can't,' she retorted; 'I haven't time, either.'

Cousin Ned looked at them in mild surprise. 'Why, my dears, what have you on hand to-day?'

Rob was rushing out of the room, and did not hear the question, so Kitty, shamefaced, but truthfully answered—'Nothing.' Ten minutes later she was curled up on the sofa reading 'Little Women,' and the minister smiled to himself. 'I believe I will take them at their word to-day.'

It was a glorious winter morning, and the children ran past to the pond with their skates swung over their shoulders. Half an hour after breakfast a group of little girls came to the door. The minister was passing through the hall and answered the bell.

'No,' he replied to their request; 'Kitty can't go skating this morning. She hasn't time.'

Kitty, in the next room, heard him, and ran to the hall to call after her playmates, but they were gone.

'Kitty,' called her mother from the kitchen, 'come seed these raisins.'

'I haven't—' then she checked herself, and went to the kitchen.

Three times that morning she heard herself inquired for, and always the same answer from Cousin Ned, who seemed especially willing to 'tend door' that day. At last she half sobbed:

'I think he is horrid. He knows I have time to go skating.'

'You said you hadn't time to go up town,' said Rob, mischievously.

'You did, too, Rob Arnold, and you have been off all morning. Cousin Ned knows we don't mean anything when we say it. It's just like saying "not at home," when folks ask for Jean or mother.'

Jean glanced sharply at her little sister, but her conscience pricked her. The child's words might be true; indeed, she knew they were. Only yesterday she had promised to join the new Current Literature Club, and

had said to the leader of the Junior Christian Endeavorers within a half hour afterwards: 'I'm sorry, Miss Jones, but I'll have to give up my work with the Juniors. It takes two afternoons a week, and I haven't time for it.' She rememerbed now she had heard a faint groan from Cousin Ned's study as she spoke.

In the afternoon the minister looked into the sitting room where Rob was busy over his stamp album. 'Rob,' he said, 'could you do something for me?'

'No,' grunted Rob, without looking up from the letter before him; 'I haven't time.'

'All right,' cheerfully; 'I'm sorry to hear it. I'm going out to Mrs. Barton's and I thought you might like to keep me company for the sake of the sleigh ride. But never mind—maybe Tommy Jackson will go with me.'

Rob stared blankly out of the window. It was bad enough to lose such a chance as that, but to lose it to Tommy, that was far worse. He felt that his pet phrase had done him a mischief that time.

Driving down the street, Cousin Ned met Jean with Agnes Cannon, and he reined his horse to the sidewalk. 'Good evening, girls! would you like to ride out to Mrs. Barton's with me?'

Agnes would have accepted the invitation, but Jean broke in, with a little flash of defiance: 'I'm very sorry, Cousin Ned, but we really haven't time. We are going to the missionary meeting.'

'I'm glad to hear it. Good-bye,' and the minister drove on alone, but cheerfully wondering if Jean had taken a hint from the day's experience. It had been months since she had found time for a missionary meeting.

He did not see her again till evening, when she came to his study, and broke out: 'I heard what you said about Kitty this morning, and it has made me turn over a new leaf. I asked Mrs. Rogers to give me back my Sabbath-school class, and I told Miss Jones I'd keep the junior, and I made Agnes promise she would go with me to every missionary meeting this winter. I'll make those calls you wanted me to and anything you ask that is within reason, and if you ever hear me say again I haven't time, please frown at me so that I'll think what I am saying. Kitty was right when she said we didn't mean it half the time.'

Then she was gone, but the minister rejoiced to know that the reform in the Arnold family was so well begun.

Bessie, the Snob.

(By Julia Bend, in the 'Examiner.')

'It seemed to me that Daisy Benton looked very sad to-day.'

'Well, if she did, she had no reason to. She has everything she wants. I don't see how a girl dressed so beautifully could feel sad. Didn't you think that blue suit was perfectly lovely?'

'Yes; but I don't care. I think she looked sad.'

'Well, I shouldn't if I had such a pretty suit.'

'But, Elsie, clothes are not everything.'

'I know that; but Daisy hasn't merely all the clothes she wants; but everything else.'

'I don't think she had all the birthday presents she wanted.'

'What do you mean, Elsie?'

'You may take offence.'

'I am sure I shall not at anything you say—though I don't see just how I come in.'

'Well, then, I will tell you, Bessie, just what I mean. I had to call on Daisy this afternoon about something connected with the literary club we belong to. She was very sweet to me. You know I've met her only two or three times. Just as I was saying good-bye, I noticed such a pretty pin in a box on the drawing-room table. I could not help exclaiming at it, and Daisy smiled and said that it was one of her birthday presents. While I was looking at it I said I had heard you say it was her birthday. Then, as I looked up, her face was sad, just as it was now when we passed her.'

'I don't know what you are getting at, Elsie.'

'Why, just this; I think Daisy Benton is exceedingly fond of you, and I have an idea she thought you would remember her birthday, and I think she feels badly that you didn't.'

Bessie blushed quickly, and exclaimed, 'Why, Elsie, I thought of it, but Daisy has everything. I didn't see what I could give her. I did get a bunch of violets for her. I saw some beauties when I was passing a florist's, and they just made me think of Daisy, somehow, and I ran in and bought a little bunch. But when I got home the bunch did seem so tiny, and just then — would you believe it?—who should drive by but Daisy with the biggest bunch of violets on! You know how it is, Elsie, I simply cannot afford to give Daisy the kind of present I want to. We don't exchange birthday gifts, anyway. On Christmas I do manage to give her something worth while.'

'But somehow, Bessie, you have known Daisy better this year. And it is evident that she is very fond of you.'

'I didn't know that she was so very fond of me,' said Bessie, pensively.

'Oh, Bessie, it is so hard on Daisy, the way you let her wealth stand in the way of a happy friendship! In spite of the fact that she "has so much," as you say, she is just a girl like us. I had an idea you had gotten that dear little bunch of violets for Daisy, and I do feel so sorry that she didn't get them. Do you know, I think she would have liked them better than any gift she has yet received.'

'But, Elsie, think of the beautiful things her family and friends must have sent her.'

'Yes, the pin I happened to see was beautiful, but it didn't seem to me that her father had put much thought into it. It was just a lovely pin, but it hadn't been chosen with the care and interest with which our fathers chose presents for us. It was beautiful, but it did look perfunctory. Now that is just what the little bunch of violets wouldn't look like.'

Bessie looked at her cousin, and exclaimed:

'Elsie, you're right! you're right! And I have been so stupid. I just love Daisy, and why shouldn't I show her I do, just the way I do you? I tell you what I'll do, I'll run home now and get those violets and take them to Daisy.'

'Good for you, Bessie!'

'But, dear me! I'll have to change my dress first. I can't go in these old things,' cried Bessie, patting her red skating cap.

'You'd come to me in that,' said Elsie, reproachfully, 'and I'd love to see you in it, because it is so red and so pretty, and you look so jolly in it. But I suppose if you go up to Daisy's you'll put on your calling suit, and your best hat, and push back all those pretty curls.'

'Why, my dear Elsie, you make it clearer and clearer what a goose I've been. Such a snob, too! You know the kind Thackeray writes about in the Book of Snobs. He doesn't just call the people snobs who have money and are snippy; but he also calls those who are overawed by the wealth of other snobs. Here is Daisy, a perfectly lovely, simple girl, and just because she has money, lots more than I, I am snippy, and won't do this, and won't do that, and hurt her feelings dreadfully. And I'd like to know if I'm showing proper respect and love to my own dear, hard working father to act as though I were ashamed of the comfortable home he has given me. I have all I need, and such good times! But just because Daisy has so much more—. Well, really, I can't talk about it any more. I am disgusted with myself—and oh, Elsie, I'm so thankful to you! Good-bye. See you this evening.'

And off into her house Bessie ran as swift as an arrow. Presently she appeared again, but her skates had been left indoors, and in her hand she held a little white tissue paper mass. She waved it at Elsie and vanished down the road.

That evening, at a little party given by one of the girls' friends, Daisy Benton was dressed the most beautifully, as usual. On this Elsie and Bessie agreed enthusiastically. But there were a good many girls who wore larger bunches of violets. Indeed, the bunch Daisy wore was quite small. But Daisy never looked down at it without smiling happily.—'Examiner.'

In Word and in Deed.

(Ida M. Budd, in 'Michigan Advocate.')

The 'High School Chronicle,' Volume I, Number I., had made its appearance, and a very creditable appearance it was.

As announced in the salutatory, this new venture in journalism was conducted solely by, for and in the interests of the schools of Marksville.

One of the senior boys was editor-in-chief. Each class of the high school was represented on the editorial staff, and each grade and ward school had its regularly appointed reporter. So 'our paper' was a source of pride to all, even down to the tiny tots of the first grade.

Fred. Winston, the young editor-in-chief, felt much satisfaction in presenting the attractive-looking sheet for his cousin Charlotte Craig's inspection.

Cousin Charlotte was a graduate of the state university, but as Harry, Fred's little brother, said in communicating this fact to a small boy friend, 'you didn't have to be afraid of her a bit.'

Fred knew he should not find in Cousin Charlotte a harsh critic.

She praised the general appearance of the paper, commended the salutatory, smiled at the 'hits' in the personal column, as Fred explained them, and looked over the 'school happenings' with much interest.

But turning the page, she presently shook her head, while a grave look came into her eyes.

'You have found something you do not approve of!' Fred exclaimed. 'What is it? We invite criticism.'

'It is the "Seniors' Prayer,"' Miss Craig said.

'Why, we thought that was one of the most clever things in the paper,' Fred replied, with a slightly injured air.

Like many another who invites criticism, he found it a hard thing to receive gracefully.

'I admit its cleverness,' Miss Craig responded, 'but profanity, no matter how clever, is still profanity.'

'Profanity!' there was real surprise in Fred's tone. 'Why, there is no mention of anything sacred in it!'

'No, but does not this first clause, "Our superintendent who art in thine office," bring to mind "Our Father who art in hea-

ven?" And does not the whole arrangement and wording suggest the Lord's prayer ?'

'Why, I suppose it does,' Fred said slowly.

'My dear cousin,' Miss Craig said earnestly, taking Fred's hand as she spoke, 'you would not, for anything, violate the letter of the third commandment? Are not his words as sacred as his name?'

'When I hear a careless or worldly thought,' she continued, 'expressed in a form of words which the Bible has made sacred to us, I always think of Belshazzar and his lords pouring their unhallowed wine into the bowls consecrated to the service of God. It was a most daring act of profanity, even though it had been accompanied by no profane word.'

'I never thought of it in that way,' Fred answered, 'but'—with a little ring of triumph in his voice—'I have seen things, even in religious papers that wouldn't stand your test of reverence.'

'So have I,' she said: 'but don't you see that is no excuse at all for them? The religious paper which prints an irreverent witticism does not make the witticism right, but is itself made wrong. It is said of Gladstone, that, while he possessed a keen appreciation of wit, he was never known to smile at a profane or impure joke, no matter how funny it might be. I am sure this fact had something to do with his being known to the world as "the grand old man."'

Fred was silent for a moment, then he said simply, 'Thank you, Cousin Charlotte,' and left the room.

Miss Craig returned to her home that week, but in due time she received Number 2 of the 'High School Chronicle' having this paragraph marked:

'It is a matter of regret that an article of an irreverent nature was thoughtlessly admitted into our columns last month. We refer to the "Seniors' Prayer." While not posing in the character of a religious paper, it shall be the aim of the 'Chronicle' under its present management to exclude everything touching in a trifling manner on sacred things.'

And Miss Craig, with a little song of praise in her heart, put the paper away among her keepsakes.

The Whistling Boy.

(By Celia S. Berkstresser, in 'Ladies' Home Journal.')

Is there a sound in the world so sweet, on a dark and dreary morn,
When the gloom without meets the gloom within, till we wish we'd not been born,
As the sound of a little barefoot boy gayly whistling in the rain,
While he drives the cows to pastures green, down the path in the muddy lane?

The joy of a boy is a funny thing, not dampened by autumn rain;
His clothes and his hands and his sturdy feet, are not spoiled by grime or stain;
The world to him is a wonderful place that he means some day to explore;
If there's time to play and plenty to eat who cares if the heavens pour?

Oh, that cheery trill of a heart as fresh as the drops that clear the air,
Brings a smile to our lips and clears the soul of the gloom that brooded there;
And we bless the boy as he spats along through rivers of rain and mud,
For the hope and cheer in that whistled note would rainbow the sky in a flood.

Joey.

(Frank A. Fall, Co. L., 31st Mich, U. S. V., in Michigan 'Advocate.')

'Having on the breastplate of righteousness.'

Joey's tent-mates were gathered about his cot in the regimental hospital to say the last good-bye. The great strong fellows did their honest best to keep the tears from starting, but the telltale drops would come. It was not the lot of the patient lad on the cot to fall as he would have fallen, with a Spanish bullet straight through his breast—that was for other heroes. Joey had fought no battles but the battles of the camp, and these, more fierce than El Caney and Aguadores, he had won. Though no transport ever took him over the blue water to a place where he might prove his patriotism in the deadly rifle pit, and he never saw any country but his own, he was giving up his life for the nation as truly and as honorably as the bravest hero who fell in battle.

The deadly fever had seized him. For weeks he had hovered between life and death; his mess-mates had taken turns watching through the night by his cot; the regimental surgeon had done his best, but all to no avail. Joey was dying.

He knew it, and his comrades knew it. There was something unutterably sad about it all. Joey was so young and hopeful; but here were his tent-mates gathered about him for the last time on earth.

The hospital steward, who had cared for him during his long and futile struggle with the fever, stood quietly at one side choking back a sob that would assert itself in spite of him. A sergeant from Company K came hurriedly into the long tent and, saluting the surgeon, said, 'Major, Corporal Willis is delirious again; will you come?' 'Yes, Grimes, in a moment,' responded the good surgeon. Then with a sigh he bent over the cot and said, 'Good-bye, Joey.' 'Good-bye, Major,' said the lad, 'you've been so good to me, sir, just as Jesus would have done, I believe. Good-bye, Major, good-bye.

* * * * * *

Joey loved his tent-mates. Four of the five had been his school-mates in the little home town which now seemed so far away, and five months of camp life had made them dearer than ever to him. Dearer, too, they were, because of years of faithful service with him under the snow-white banner of the cross; and faithful were the months they spent together under the bright glory-flag of freedom which was soon to enfold his body.

All he loved; but his boyish heart went out most lovingly to his other mate in tent No. 6—poor old sinning Tom Dawson, the bugler.

Tom, too, had fought the 'camp battles,' but, as must be true of every one who fights these battles unaided, he had naught to look back upon but defeat. He was bound hand and foot by the curse of the camp, which had fascinated him long ago when he was a 'regular,' thieved much of his time and almost all his money.

Now, while his life was fast ebbing away, Joey thought most of his sin-stricken tent-mate, whose love for the sick lad was the purest passion of his life.

'Good-bye, boys,' he said to the four, 'good-bye, yes, I'll meet you up there. It seems so bright already.'

After a last word, a firm hand clasp, and a loving look, they filed out, for they knew that Joey would have his last talk alone with Tom.

Nor could that last talk have failed in its purpose, for just a little way out in the woods, among the tall pines and sturdy oaks, four of Christ's disciples were gathered together in his name.

Tom was kneeling by the cot with his arms thrown around the sick lad's neck, and sobbing as if his heart would break.

'Listen, Tom,' said the lad, 'in just a little while the boys will carry me tenderly away, and you will blow "Taps" for me for the last time.

'Tom, how I've loved you and prayed for you! I'm going away now—in my Father's house are many mansions. He has prepared them for me—and for you. Will you meet me there, dear old Tom?' 'Oh, Joey, Joey,' sobbed the bugler, 'only tell me how, quick, laddie!' 'Yes, Tom, yes; just believe on him—Tom, just tell Jesus you believe on him—and then—whiter than the snow—yes, Tom—you—that's it—he'll wash you—whiter—than—the snow.' And God's messengers took him.

'Jesus, I do believe. Save me now—save me—guilty Tom Dawson—to meet him in heaven—and be whiter than snow.'

The prayer was answered, for it was a heart prayer. And there was joy among the angels.

* * * * * *

The next night at sunset the bugler—not the old sinful Tom now, but a 'new man in Christ Jesus'—stood over the casket of his dead comrade and quietly, slowly, softly blew the last 'Taps' for Joey:

'Put out the lights; Put out the lights;
Put them out; Put them out; Put them out:
Go to sleep; Every one;
Day is done.'

Dead in Earnest.

'There are two hundred families in this county without a Bible in their homes,' said the secretary of the Lebanon, Ohio, Bible Society, as he concluded a long report.

'What a shameful fact!' exclaimed a member. 'It don't speak very well for the morality and intelligence of our country.'

'Mr. President, may I be allowed to say something on the subject?' asked the Hon. Thomas Corwin, formerly governor of Ohio, who had dropped in to see what the church was doing.

'Certainly,' Mr. Corwin, we shall all be glad to hear you.'

'Well, sir, I want to say that you are not in earnest. Your report says that there are two hundred families in this county without the Bible. This could not be if you were in earnest. In the great contest for the election of Harrison, we Republican members of Congress gave our whole salaries to carry that election. We thought the salvation of the country depended on it. If you want to carry on this work and really mean that every man shall have the Bible you must be in earnest. You must go to work and give every man the Bible.'

The meeting was electrified. Some one immediately rose and moved that Thomas Corwin be elected president of the Warren County Bible Society. It was unanimously voted, and Mr. Corwin again rose and said:

'Sir, if I accept the presidency of this society, it is on one condition—that you go to work, that no such report as this ever be made again. When this society meets three months from to-day, the report must be that every family in Warren county has a copy of the Bible.'

This work was done, and every family supplied.—'Success.'

Mollie's Pie.

Mollie was nine years old, and she was the youngest of the three girls. But she was oftener her mother's helper on baking days than either Laura or Grace, because, as she said, when she was grown up she meant to be a housekeeper 'like mamma.' Mollie had never baked anything all alone, though, until the time her mother went into the city to stay a few days with grandma and left the girls to keep house alone.

On the day she was expected Mollie said, 'We ought to have something nice for dinner. We've eaten up nearly everything she left baked.'

'Oh, well,' said Grace, 'mamma will bring something with her for dinner; I'm going over to see Mabel a few minutes, Mollie, and then I'll go around by the station. You come down with Laura.' Then nine-year-old Mollie, left to herself, went into the kitchen and wandered about with a thoughtful little face. 'I could make a pie just as easy if I only had something ready to put in it.' Mollie looked in boxes and paper sacks in the pantry for something to help her, and in one she found some very nice looking dried apples. 'Mamma makes lovely pies with them, and so can I,' said Mollie. And very quickly her sleeves went up above her elbows and the board and rolling pin were on the table.

Mollie did not get through with her baking in time to go to meet her mother, but she met her at the door with a flushed and smiling face. There was a dash of flour on one rosy cheek. Mamma touched it with her hand and said, 'What have you been doing, Mollie?' But then they were all talking at once and her mother did not notice that Mollie did not answer. So no one knew of the pie till she brought it to the table. Then her mother praised it and the girls looked surprised enough to please even Mollie. And Mollie quite forgot the burns on her fingers and knuckles and even the long one on her arm where it touched the oven door. 'What kind of pie is it, Mollie?' asked her mother as she started to cut it. It did not cut easily. 'Dried apple,' said Mollie. 'You didn't think to let the apples stand in water first till they were soft, did you, dear?' 'No, ma'am,' answered Mollie, 'is that the way?' 'That's the way we have to do with dried apples,' said her mother, 'and you shall see how the next time I make them.' Nobody could eat the pie, of course, but their mother said it pleased her the best of any pie she had ever had. Do you know why?

True Story of a Robin Redbreast.

Last winter a resident of Craigmillar Park, Edinburgh, had a somewhat remarkable experience with a robin redbreast that during the cold weather took refuge every

evening in the lobby of his house after dark.

The lobby contained a castor-oil plant, and upon this the robin perched himself as soon as it became dusk, getting access to the lobby by the open doorway.

It mattered little to robin how many people were passing in or out. He remained all night on his perch in happy contentment, and as soon as the housemaid opened the door in the morning he flew away with a chirp, which might be understood as an expression of thanks for the night's entertainment.

He returned on the following evening, again to rest on the plant, and kept up this programme during the whole winter, bidding farewell to his friends on the return of fine weather.

Robin had almost been forgotten by his friends in Craigmillar Park, but he appears not to have forgotten them, for at the beginning of last winter he again put in an appearance, and commenced to roost as usual on the castor-oil plant, acting precisely in the same manner as he had done on previous occasions.

Every evening he enters the open doorway and resumes his perch on the plant. When daylight arrives, and the door is open, he flies away with his usual chirp, and returns again punctually in the evening. This will probably go on for the next winter, as he appears to consider himself now a member of the household, with liberty to come and go at his own sweet pleasure.

A painter who was engaged in painting an old house, that had been closed for some time, found on the ledge of a bay window, between a flower-box and the glass of the casement, a robin's nest containing seven young ones, not very long out of the shell.

Being a kind-hearted man, he left that window to the last, so as to give the young robins a chance of growing up before they were disturbed. When at length he came to that window the young robins were still unable to fly, so he put them, nest and all, into an old cage, and hung it against the wall near where they had been hatched. The parent birds continued to feed them as before, though the men were at work near the spot all through the day. But one morning the cage was found on the ground, and clear evidence that some prowling cat had made an end of its happy occupants.—'Child's Companion.'

Mary's Mission.

FOR VERY LITTLE MAIDENS.

(Frances Lockwood Green, in 'Early Days.')

Little Mary Brown was sitting upon her buffet before the kitchen fire. She had been to the children's meeting, and had heard about the missionaries who went to foreign countries to tell the heathen of the Lord Jesus Christ, about the kind ladies who left their homes to nurse the sick, and about the little girl who saved up her pennies to buy Testaments for the heathen children. Little Mary could remember the missionary's address quite distinctly, and as she pondered it over in her mind she heaved a long, long sigh. She could do

nothing to help the Lord Jesus. She could not go across the sea to teach the heathen ; she could not nurse the sick ; she could not even save her pennies, because she had none to save. If the ladies who employed her mother to starch their collars and laces ever paid her for carrying home their heavy baskets, she always gave the money to her mother, who used it to buy fuel and food, so that Mary was sure she would not be able to save any pennies for a long time. She felt sure that she wished to help the Lord Jesus as much as the missionary ; but what could the child of a poor widow do for Christ's kingdom ?

She wondered whether the Lord Jesus would think her a silly, useless girl. Somehow she did not think He would, or He would not have said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me.' But, oh, how she wished she could be of some use in the world !

To little Mary's surprise a large piece of coal that had been hissing, sputtering and blazing in the middle of the fire began to speak. Mary gazed at it attentively, but she was not afraid. All the smaller pieces of coal respectfully ceased to blaze, and listened while the large coal spoke in a funny, old-world language that was neither English nor French. Strange to say, little Mary understood it perfectly. As you have not Mary's ears, I will translate it into everyday little girl's English.

'Little Mary, little Mary,' said the coal, 'you think you are of no use in the world ; yet you have two feet with which to run errands for the Lord Jesus, 'you have two hands to work for Him, a voice to speak and sing for Him, a brain to think about Him, and a soul to prepare to live with Him. You shake your head and say you do not know how to use all these gifts, and ask what a black lump of coal can know about usefulness. Now, that is rather rude. Perhaps you will find that I know almost as much as a little white girl. I am fulfilling my mission in the world without a word of complaint. "Mission !" you exclaim ; "that has to do with the heathen, and is what the minister spoke about at the meeting." You say, "How can a piece of coal teach the gospel or nurse the sick ?" My dear little girl, though I have never been to a board school, I am very old, and I know that to fulfil my mission is to do that for which I was sent into the world. Your mission at present, little Mary, is to go to school, and at night carry home the baskets of clean linen for your tired mother. You look serious ; that does not sound so grand as sailing across sunny seas to teach little black children or nursing the sick, but it is quite as pleasing in the sight of the Lord Jesus Christ; and if you wish to please Him, you will try to fulfil your true mission in life, and not impossibilities.

'Now, I will tell you about my mission. You see the blaze and feel the warmth that is diffused from my body. Have you ever wondered, little Mary, where I caught this light and warmth ? You say your mother kindled it. Yes ; but your mother could not have produced fire, if there had not been that within me which answered to her efforts. In my black body I hold imprisoned sunbeams that have been stored up for centuries. You look puzzled, and say that I came out of the cold, dark earth, so how could I contain sunbeams. Once upon a time, little Mary, I was part of a plant that grew in a forest, and it was then that I drank in the light and warmth which enable me to comfort you this cold winter night. This light and warmth came from the sun that still shines steadily over your head, and that holds so great a power over all created things that "there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

'You, little Mary, have not only the rays of the earthly sun to give you health and vigor, but you have a spiritual sun, Jesus, the sun of righteousness, from whom you may receive divine strength. Your mission is higher than mine. Whereas I may only warm the body, you may warm and brighten the soul. When my body expires and falls to ashes, my mission will be completed ; but when your body expires and returns to the dust, your heavenly mission will then be beginning. Store up the sunbeams of God's love in your heart, and they will diffuse themselves abroad upon all your friends, and even upon your enemies. My life is nearly over, little Mary. When you see my ashes, think of the lesson I have tried to teach you ; and when you are tempted to think that you are useless, look at a piece of coal, and remember that the commonest things in everyday life have a mission appointed by God.'

'Mary, lassie, wake up ; you've slept the fire out !' cried Mrs. Brown, as she bustled into the kitchen with an empty basket in her hand. Mary rubbed her eyes, and looked for the coal that had been speaking. She saw nothing but a heap of white ashes in the grate, and a filmy black 'stranger' shivering upon the bar.

'I'm very sorry, mother, but I've had such a strange dream.' And as Mary helped her mother to chop the firewood, she recounted the conversation of the piece of coal.

'Never think you are useless, my child,' said the mother fondly. 'You are your mother's sunbeam, and what higher mission can a little girl have ?'

Little Mary was satisfied.

Do all the Good You Can.

(Miriam E. Arnold, in Michigan 'Advocate.')

Do all the good you can,
As on through life you go ;
God's holy Word declares
We reap that which we sow.

Do all the good you can,
So much there is to do ;
In life's great harvest field
There's surely work for you

Do all the good you can,
No service deem too small ;
'Tis precious in his sight
Who watches over all.

Do all the good you can,
Through love to Christ, thy King;
Thy kindly act of love
May cause some heart to sing.

Do all the good you can ;
Think what he did for thee ;
His precious life he gave,
From sin to set thee free.

Do all the good you can,
And thou his smile shalt win ;
His presence thou shalt know,
Dwelling thy soul within.

Do all the good you can ;
So short life's little day,
Let us the time redeem,
Do good while still we may.

Do all the good you can ;
Then when shall set thy sun,
With joy thine ears shall hear
The Master's sweet 'Well done.'

LESSON VII.—AUGUST 12.

The Forgiving Spirit.

Matt. xviii., 21-35. Memory verses, 21, 22.
Read Matt. xviii., 15-35.

Daily Readings.

M. Not Perish. Matt. xviii., 1-14.
T. His Fault. Matt. xviii., 15-20.
W. I Forgive. Matt. xviii., 21-35.
T. The Law. Luke xvii., 1-10.
F. As Christ. Col. iii., 1-13.
S. The Gospel. Matt. vi., 1-15.

Golden Text.

'Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.'—Matt. vi., 12.

Lesson Text.

(21) Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? (22) Jesus said unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven. (23) Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king, which would take account of his servants. (24) And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him, which owed him ten thousand talents. (25) But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife, and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made. (26) The servant therefore fell down and worshipped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. (27) Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt. (28) But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellowservants, which owed him an hundred pence; and he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest. (29) And his fellowservant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. (30) And he would not; but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt. (31) So when his fellowservants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done. (32) Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him, O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me: (33) Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellowservant, even as I had pity on thee? (34) And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him. (35) So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses.

Suggestions.

God is love. He is slow to anger and of great mercy. God loves to forgive the penitent sinner.

When Peter asked the Lord Jesus how often he should forgive those who trespassed against him or offended him in any way, he thought that seven times would be quite often enough to forgive any one. Peter was not taking into account how often he himself offended and had to be forgiven. Our Lord answered that seven times would not be often enough; seventy times seven would be more necessary. Seventy multiplied by seven equals 490. But our Saviour did not mean that we should only forgive a person 490 times. He meant that we should forgive as often as we were offended or injured.

The Lord Jesus said that the kingdom of heaven was like a certain king who was making a reckoning with his servants, and he found that one of them owed him an immense sum of money, ten thousand talents, which would amount to about twenty million dollars of our money. This enormous debt the debtor was perfectly unable to pay, so the king commanded that he and everything that he had should be sold, to make money to pay the debt. In those days the law allowed a creditor to seize all the goods of a debtor, and even to sell the debtor himself and his household in order to pay the debt. This cruel custom is still practiced in Syria and Palestine.

The debtor, when he heard that he was to be sold into slavery because he was unable to pay the twenty million dollars, fell down on his face before the king and cried for mercy. Have patience, he cried, and I wil pay it all. Then the king in great compassion and pity for the poor man, who he knew could never pay the debt,freely forgave him the whole of it. How should that servant have felt as he went out from the king's presence a free man? Not merely let off for the time, but forgiven, free forever from the awful burden of that unpayable debt, the man should have been filled not only with intense gratitude toward the king who forgave him, but also with love and mercy and patience to all his fellow-beings, specially to those who might be in the same difficulties as he had been himself.

But this man's heart was all wrong. Very soon after he had been so generously forgiven his enormous debt, he met a fellow-servant who owed him a hundred pence, which according to our money would be about seventeen dollars, less than a millionth part of the debt, which he had owed to the king. Seizing his debtor by the throat, the wicked servant demanded that the poor man should at once pay what he owed him. Then the fellow-servant fell down before his tormentor, and in the same words that the other had used before to the king, cried out for mercy. But the hard-hearted wretch had no mercy, and cast his poor debtor into prison. Indignant at such conduct, the other servants who had seen the unkindness of the forgiven man, went to the king and told him what had happened. The king sent for that man, and asked him what he meant by such bad conduct. O wicked servant, he said, I forgave you all that debt, should you not have forgiven your fellow-servant? Should you not have had mercy on him as I had on you? Then the king was very angry and declared that the wicked servant must be punished until he should pay all.

This parable is to show the necessity of forgiveness. God forgives us the enormous debt of sin, which every soul owes, but if our hearts are filled with hatred to others, if our souls cling to the sin of unforgivingness, God cannot cleanse away the sins we choose to keep; he cannot give peace to the uncleansed soul. We can only ask God to forgive us as we forgive those who offend us. Those who will not forgive others make it practically impossible for God to forgive them, because God cannot forgive a sin that is retained. If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses. (Matt. vi., 15.) Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift. (Matt. v., 23, 24.) Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Jesus has paid our great debt of sin, but we can only receive forgiveness and peace by accepting his salvation, acknowledging his sacrifice, and giving up our lives in humble submission to him. The unforgiving soul is in a very dangerous place, for not only is it shutting God out of itself, but it is a stumbling block in the way of others. Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord. God holds the handle of the sword of vengeance; if any man tries to wield it, he only can grasp the sharp two-edged blade which hurts himself far more than it can hurt any one else.

Questions.

How often should we forgive those who offend us?

Relate the parable of the unmerciful servant.

Who is the king to whom we owe a great debt?

What is the debt?

Can we ever pay it?

Who paid it for us? When?

How can we be forgiven this debt?

Does God wish us to forgive others?

What kind of persons are we if we do not forgive those who offend us?

How should we treat those who are unkind to us?

C. E. Topic.

Aug. 12.—Zeal. Luke xvi., 1-13.

Junior C. E Topic.

IMITATING TWO SONS.

Mon., Aug. 6.—We make choices. I. Kings xviii., 21.
Tues., Aug. 7.—We must choose. Luke xvi., 12.
Wed., Aug. 8.—The right life is the best. Heb. xi., 25.
Thu., Aug. 9.—God is the first choice. Ruth i., 16.
Fri., Aug. 10.—By whom are you influenced? Matt. xxvii., 20, 21.
Sat., Aug. 11.—Sons and daughters of God. John i., 12.
Sun., Aug. 12.—Topic—Two sons; which are you imitating? Luke ii., 51; II. Sam. xviii., 24-33.

Alcohol Catechism.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

9. When was the first temperance society organized?

A.—In 1789, by 200 farmers, at Litchfield, Connecticut, who agreed not to use distilled liquors during harvest.

10. Q.—What was the fourth stage?

A.—That of total abstinence. The first society of that kind was formed in 1809 at Greenfield, N.H.

11. Q.—What was the fifth stage?

A. The no license agitation in 1831.

12. Q.—What follows in this fifth stage?

A.—The total abstinence work of Father Matthew, from 1842 to 1847, and the great Washingtonian movement, from 1840 to 1850.

13. Q.—What was the Washingtonian movement?

A.—It was started by a few men at Chase's Tavern, at Baltimore, and its object was to reform men by moral suasion.

14. Q.—What was the result?

A.—That thousands were reformed, but as the saloons were still allowed to keep open many went back to drink.*

15. Q.—What did this prove?

A.—That the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors must be stopped.

16. Q.—What stage comes next?.

A.—The sixth or prohibition stage, and this brought the temperance question into politics.

17, Q.—What was the outgrowth of no license in different counties of several states?

A.—The prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors except as medicine, or for use in the arts, in the State of Maine, in 1846, but the law was not made perfect until 1851.

'Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.'—Psa. xxxiii., 12.

*A Washingtonian, who sank into a drunkard's grave, said, pointing to a grog shop on the left, 'If I escape that hell, this hell,' pointing to another one on the right, 'yawns to receive me.'

The Story of Sandy Porte.

Sandy Porter was the last of eight children; his father had served a term in the state prison, and his mother was a broken-hearted invalid. It was reported that, when the seventh child lay dead in the house, the unnatural father, on finding his wife in tears, roughly rebuked her, saying, 'What are you bawling for? Anybody'd s'pose you had buried young uns enough to get used to it by this time.'

Poor little Sandy! it was a pity that he, too, had not died when he was a baby.

He was not a slum boy, as you may suppose. No, he lived in a small hamlet where the free air and sunshine were his, and he could roam at will over the green fields and through the forests.

He might have been a healthy, robust boy, instead of the dwarfed, pinched, muscleless little fellow that he was; but when he was

very little some one put tobacco into his mouth; he came to like it, and then to crave it, until, at the time I first saw him, when he might have been, perhaps, twelve years old, his tongue was constantly rolling a quid, and the corners of his mouth were stained with tobacco juice; his eyes were dim and watery, and he seemed to think of nothing clean or pure. His first salutation on meeting any one whom he suspected of using tobacco was, 'Give us a chaw, won't you?'

Sandy went to school, but what was the use? His mind was as dwarfed as his body; perhaps nature had done her part well; he might have been a bright pupil had it not been for the tobacco poison, but it was no unusual sight to see him lying by the roadside, or on the playground, in a stupor, even in winter. I recollect one time in particular—it was a bitter, cold, blustering time—when Sandy was found on the playground, and we thought at first that he was dead; he was carried home, and came out of his stupor only to call for 'another chaw.'

So it went on; he seemed to care for no one but his mother, and none else cared for him. The girls all feared him, the boys jeered at him, and the old folks shook their heads and said, 'There was no good in him.' And yet, there might have been, if some kind spirit could have induced him to lay aside the ever present quid. But there came a time when the quid was laid aside forever.

One day late in winter Sandy started for the woods where some men and boys were at work. He had gone about half the distance when he was seized with one of his 'fits,' and fell by the roadside. No one was near to help him, and no one saw him till the morning, when his poor little frozen body was found from which the life had gone out. An inquest was held, and the verdict rendered—'Died from exposure.' Yet all the people said, 'It was tobacco fits that killed him.'—'Union Signal.'

Eloquent Figures.

'The liquor traffic of Ohio pays into the state treasury alone the handsome sum of $1,000,000 a year. In addition it pays to the various local treasuries $2,500,000. These figures are eloquent and speak for themselves.'—'Wine and Spirit News.'

Yes, they are eloquent, but they only tell one side of the story. They don't tell how much the liquor traffic costs the state of Ohio. One of its governors tells the story, however. He says it costs the state $70,000,000 annually. 'These figures are also eloquent and speak for themselves.' But even that doesn't tell half the story. The eloquence of the tears of thousands of heart-broken wives and children over the wreck and ruin of husbands and fathers and desolate homes is kept in the background. The wreck and ruin of manhood and the destruction of life, as well as property, caused by the 'liquor traffic' of Ohio is also eloquent, and appeals to the manhood of its citizens to destroy it as they would a venomous serpent, or would stamp out a deadly plague.—'California Voice.'

Look at the men staggering in our streets, or drunk on our sidewalks, steps, and alleys. Do you wish to follow in their footsteps to poverty and ruin? If not, let beer, wine, and whiskey alone. The average duration of adult human lives is shortened about one-third by their use. Look at the thin, half-developed boys and young men, unnaturally short in stature, narrow-chested, lacking in lung capacity, in strength for athletic games or active mental or physical work, with even the breath smelling of tobacco, who pollute the very atmosphere which others are compelled to breathe. What clean, worthy young woman would prefer such a young man for a husband, when she could have a noble, well-developed young man of clean habits? Stop and think of the consequences before you commence this deplorable habit. Look at the irritable, moody, nervous systems, and at the brain, heart, and stomach failures, and even the cancerous diseases of the mouth and throat which result from the use of tobacco. Boys and young men, do you want to pay your money to the saloon keeper and tobacconist to make them rich, and impoverish yourselves for such a chance and prospect?—'National Temperance Advocate.'

Talking With Jesus.

When the golden wings of morning
Usher in a new born day,
And the sun again is shining
Over an untrodden way,
And you've risen from your slumber
Rested for the toil of life,
Don't forget to talk with Jesus
Ere you enter for the strife.

When the noonday sun is o'er you,
And the burdens heavy bear,
And the cares are pressing sorely
(Though a smiling face you wear),
And perplexities are rising,
Like the waves upon the sea,
Don't forget to talk with Jesus,
He can calm your Galilee.

When the golden sun is setting
In the radiant western sky,
And the day of toil is closing,
And the night is drawing nigh,
And your fevered brow is cooling,
Kissed by soothing twilight dew,
Don't forget to talk with Jesus,
Evening blessing waits for you.

When you seek your needed slumber,
And relax the tired brain,
And the night has drawn her curtain,
Shutting out the noise and strain,
And the weary eyes are closing,
Slowly closing into sleep,
Don't forget to talk with Jesus,
Take your rest at His dear feet.

—'S.S. Messenger.'

Correspondence

Valcartier.

Dear Editor,—I have a brother, Arthur, out in Manitoba. I saw one girl who had the same name as I have. I enclose one dollar for the India Famine Relief.

EFFIE H. H. (aged 10.)

Black River Bridge.

Dear Editor,—I received my Bible, and am very much pleased with it. I got it for getting three new subscribers. I thank you for it, and will try to get more next year.

RALPH D. GRIMMON.

Eamers Corners.

Dear Editor,—I have three brothers. We have a dog; his name is 'Carlo.' My birthday comes Nov. 8. I wonder if any one has a name like mine.

DELLA (aged 12.)

Dix, Ill., U.S.A.

Dear Editor,—I am reading the New Testament through; I am over to the Philippians. My sister and I want our names added to the Honor Roll. We have had a revival meeting at our church, the M. E. North. The M. E. South at our place had a meeting this winter; they had about 50 conversions. We feel, and thank God, that he has been in our midst.

STELLA C.

Oxlow.

To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger':—I live on the prairie. The prairie is covered with flowers and grass in the summer, and snow in the winter. I have taken the 'Messenger' for three years, and like it very much. I start at the front, and read to the back.

J.H.S.

West Bay, Cape Breton.

Dear Editor,—West Bay is a very pretty little village on Cape Breton Island, but I suppose I would think it pretty anyway, because it is my home. I am very fond of reading, and have read quite a number of books, of which my favorites are 'Black Beauty,' 'Beautiful Joe,' 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland,' and 'Child's History of England.' I was in Montreal some years ago, but as I didn't know where your paper was printed, I didn't see you.

JOSIE McD.

Komoka, Ont., Can.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' at the Baptist Sunday School. Our pastor reccommended it to the scholars as one of the best papers for boys and girls there was, and I think he was quite right. Some of the boys and girls, including myself, are saving the 'Messengers' to send to India. I wish other children would save papers for the poor little children in India, where they have nothing to eat on account of the famine.

NEVILLE C. (aged 13.)

Moose Jaw.

Dear Editor,—My youngest brother and I go to school every day, three miles away. Our neighbor takes his children, and he calls for us and others in the way. We have a piano, and I take music lessons.

ANNIE T.

McDonald's Corners.

Dear Editor,—I saw my name where you printed the names of girls and boys whose letters you had not time to print. I will write another, and tell about my little kitty. It is grey and white, and I call it 'Dot.' I liked the story in your paper about 'The Stiff-necked Kittens.' Like 'Florence M.' we have a nice organ. Our prettiest house plant is the 'Sultana,' or 'Table Rose.' It has leaves like the rose, and is just crowded with shining scarlet blossoms. My two brothers and four sisters, my pa and ma, and I, all like the 'Messenger.' The texts for every day, are nice. It is a long one today.

HESTER HELENA.

Gunter.

Dear Editor,— I saw in your premium list a Bible for two new subscribers, and I thought I would try to get it. I sent the two new subscribers' names, and received a lovely little Bible. I now send you many thanks for it, for I don't see how you can send such a nice paper and a Bible, too, for so little money. I am only seven years old, and I am going to learn the texts in the Find-the-place-Almanac.

R.P.W. (aged 7.)

Alberni, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I live in a small village called Alberni. It is a very pretty place in the summer time, but it is kind of wet in winter. We have lots of fun here playing cricket, and swimming in the summer, and football and snowballs in the winter. Sometimes we play against the neighboring villages. I am fourteen years old, and have just left school. I like the 'Messenger' very much, and am trying to get some more subscribers to it, as I got about ten already. I was very pleased with the premium I received.

ROBERT E.

Courtice, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have no mother, but a kind and loving father. I have two sisters, but no brother living. One sister is living in London, Ont., with my aunt and uncle. My other sister and I keep house for our father.

ETHEL.

West Templeton, Que.

Dear Editor,—As my last letter was not published, I thought I would write again. I live on a farm about two miles from the Ottawa river, and like it very much. We live at the foot of a hill, and have good fun sliding in the winter.

GEORGE F. (aged 9.)

West Paris, Me.

Dear Editor, — In my nice paper, the 'Northern Messenger,' I have noticed many letters from correspondents. I enjoy reading about the different kinds of pets. I think my favorite is a pony. The name of mine is 'Sally.' She is a beauty, with long, heavy mane, and tail, which I have to braid when it is muddy. She is about thirteen years old, and weighs nearly eight hundred pounds. I have had several cats and three tame white rats, but they all ran off together. I guess they went off for a picnic, and the cats eat the rats. My father is a M.E. minister, and we take fifteen copies of your beautiful little paper for our Sunday-school.

ROBBIE LEARD (aged 13.)

Morrowville, Kans.

Dear Sir,—I received the Bible as a premium for 'Northern Messenger' subscriber, and am much pleased with it, and thank you kindly for the same. We are all very much in love with the 'Northern Messenger,' and also 'The Black Rock.'

MAGGIE CREIGHTON.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Story of a Business Woman-

(Annie A. Preston, in 'Advocate and Guardian.')

A wealthy and benevolent Christian gentleman who passed away not long since, once told this story to a widow who called upon him for advice and assistance in educating her sons:

'Yes,' he said, kindly, 'I have money and influence, as you say, but when my father died I had only my ten years of experience in a small country village, and my mother, but mother was a host in herself. Her brain was a mine of resources, her heart a chest of goodness, her hands willing tools to do whatever came in their way that was right and best. When my mother asked a neighbor to take his team and move her small belongings to the nearest large town, she working for his wife to pay him in advance, he said:

'"If you take that boy to town at his age it will be the end of him."

'"It will be the beginning of him, if I keep him busy," said my mother, and mother kept me busy that day even, helping her to pick up and pack.

'"When you want to be moved back let me know," said the man, as he left our things in the little building, a room and a stairway below, and one room above, that she had hired in a short street or lane between two business streets.

'Mother thanked him, but she was not obliged to avail herself of his offer. She had seen, in an instant, what she could do with her small quarters, but first she closed the door, and, kneeling with me in the little upper room, repeated with me, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," and the Lord's Prayer, and this was always our daily service, participated in by whomsoever was with us in our home, and it is still mine. Let me tell you, madam, if you can impress upon a child that the Lord is his Shepherd, he will not stray very far, for he will feel that the all-seeing eye is upon him.

'"Now," said mother, cheerfully, "we have reported to the Lord, and while we trust in him he will help us if we try to help ourselves," and, taking a small piece of smooth board, the top of a box, she wrote upon it with a bit of chalk a notice of "Fine washing and ironing, laces and curtains a specialty," and sent me with it to a near-by printing office to have a hundred small notices—flyers we should call them now—struck off. She told me to bring back the board, as she wanted to set it in the window.

'The enterprise showed in this amused and interested the proprietor so much that he became her first customer, and as I distributed our business cards in all the best places, mother had soon a laundry in the next building and was only doing the fine ironing herself. At the time, she had no ironing table, and used the stairs.

'This scheme of advertising worked so well that I went about soliciting advertisements of specialties of the merchants, which I had printed and distributed. Soon I was adding my own card, as an advertiser, to the list, with the number of my office, our little ground-floor room that mother had made neat and attractive with her best things, and her advertisement was in one white-curtained window and mine in the other.

'Soon I was having my advertisements printed upon one sheet for convenience sake, and then I took to adding items of news picked up on my business trips, and adapting a gift I had of telling a funny story or with mother's help a bit of verse. As there was soon quite a call for this sheet, I sold it, naming it for the small coin for which it was sold, and it came in time to be the leading paper of all our section.

'Mother kept hard at work herself even after all the heavy work was done outside. She directed and inspected everything that was done in her name. She looked beautiful in her white gowns and smooth hair; she was a bright woman. Ladies used to come into the tidy little place to talk with her and watch her as she picked out the dainty embroidery with her white fingers, and these friendships were prized when she was a rich woman, at the head of many charitable and philanthronic enterprises. She was advised to change her locality, but said, "No, people are in the habit of thinking of us here, and our little seed of enterprise has taken root in this spot and is making growth." This was hard sense, and brought my mother added respect.

'Our earnings accumulated, and it was not long before we owned our little place. The time came when we owned the whole street, and there was upon one corner a school and upon the other a meeting-house, with our own home just back of it, and the street was called by our name; but that was all a matter of time. Mother was not a rugged woman, but she saw what she could do well, and did that. She kept me busy, teaching me all that she knew herself and helping me to adapt all that was best that came my way, and she helped me to recognize God's hand in all things.'

The Weekly Uplift.

I sometimes wonder whether, at its right worth, we prize the weekly uplift, which is ours, from the habit of going to church. By the time we have spent six days at our work, six days in the shop, in the kitchen, in society, in the nursery, in the usual tasks and recreations of life, we are often like a clock run down and in need of the weekly winding up. We have had our daily Bible reading, and our closet prayer, and some of us have had the midweek prayer meeting, too, but we feel the want of something more. We need the instruction which is part of the pulpit's function. The quiet spending of a morning in God's house, and the waiting there before him, with his people.

'I joyed when to the house of God
Go up, they said to me,
Jerusalem, within thy gates,
Our feet shall standing be,'

says the quaint old version of the psalms sung in many a Scottish kirk. Blessed are we who feel in our hearts a thrill of joy when as the Sabbath returns we go unto the courts of the Lord.

The weekly uplift is greater, if we are to be found, as a rule, in our own sanctuary, and lesser to ourselves if we have the habit of strolling about in search of some novel presentation of the truth. The famous minister may occasionally attract us, but our duty is to our own pastor and our obligation to be in our own church when it is open is as real as that of our pastor to be in the pulpit. To congregations, troubled because the pews are not well filled, and annoyed that strangers do not come to them, the recommendation might well be made, that for twelve months they try the plan of absolute fidelity in their personal attendance at church, each individual and each family, unless prevented by illness, making it a custom to be always there, when there was a service. This single method would go far towards insuring success for any church, in the matter of building it up numerically.

On the mother naturally falls the duty of seeing that the children are ready for church in time, and that no trivial reasons keep them at home. The Sunday-school is the children's Bible school; it is not their church, nor does it take to them the place of church-going. In some of our Christian communities we are rearing a generation of young people who have no feeling of responsibility about divine worship; they have been permitted to make it elective through their childhood, and the result, already manifest in a lowered conscience, and a growing materialism, will be more than ever disastrous in days to come, unless parents are awakened and change their course. The movement to revive the neglected study of the catechism should receive the support of mothers all through our church, and we should hail as a good omen any quickening of sentiment and strengthening of conviction on the part of those who have child training in hand.—Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

Remembering a Mother's Songs.

How greatly are those children to be compassionated, and of how rich an heritage do they suffer deprivation, who have no remembrance of a mother's voice in song. An instance is recalled of a family whose oldest sons talked with enthusiasm of the songs which their mother sang when they were boys. A younger child always looked his wistfulness and disappointment, for he had no such memory. The mother's health had failed, and with it her voice, in the time of his bringing up, and so much was lost to him that seemed like gathered wealth to the older ones.' So I feel like saying to mothers: 'Sing, if ever so poorly, to your little ones. Give them a childhood memory of how mother could sing,' because, in after life it will be precious to them, and may sometimes give them help over the hard, uphill places that come to all, however favored. If we should be asked that question of to-day, 'Who most influenced your life?' or another, 'What did your mother teach you?' we could answer with earnest directness to the first: 'Our mother. She set the current of our lives towards God.' And reply to the second by saying: 'She taught us personal responsibility and the fear of God.'—'Christian Intelligencer.'

A Medicine Closet.

A well-equipped medicine emergency closet is one way of being ready, and below is a list that may help young mothers and housekeepers. A roll of old linen handkerchiefs, perfectly clean and sweet, and smoothly ironed. A roll of old linen of any sort—old fine damask napkins being always the most precious and the most desirable, all clean, and all well ironed and smoothly folded. Wrinkled old linen is seldom as useful as if't put away properly. Some old flannel, and at least a yard or two of new flannel, of medium quality and all wool. Flannel made of half wool and half cotton is not always so soft as that woven entirely of wool. Some soft old towels; a cake of surgeon's soap; a small soft sponge, to be bought of any good chemist; several rolls of cotton bandages, five yards long and from two to four inches wide. They can be bought, but are easily rolled with a little practice, and are much cheaper when bought in that way. The end should be fastened down with a bit of adhesive plaster. A roll of surgeon's adhesive plaster; some large, small and medium nursery safety pins; a paper of pins of medium size—English are better than American, as they have sharper points; a bottle of arnica, and one of witch hazel; a small bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia; a bottle of lime-water, and one of sweet oil; a jar of vaseline; a pair of sharp scissors of medium size; a good spool of coarse cotton, and needles to carry it. These things will equip the emergency shelf, and a strict rule should be made that, unless needed for illness or accident, not one of the articles should ever be touched, or, if used, should be replaced as soon as possible. —'Living Church.'

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